HAS NO SUITABLE MONUMENT

The Last Resting Place of the First Treasurer of the United States Is Uncared for-A Reflection Upon the Patriotism of Pennsylvania.

At the outskirts of a maple grove that fringes a broad meadow on the beautiful hills of northeastern Pennsylvania, near Pleasant Mount, stands a plain marble slab that marks the almost forgotten spot where for nearly a century has slumbered one of the heroes of the Revolution who was also prominent in the guidance of the affairs of the newly organized government at the close of the successful struggle for American Independence. The weather beaten, mosscovered stone that peeps through a sea of weeds presents a mournful appearance on the little neglected plo that seems about the only forgotten spot in the vicinity where well cultivated fields and neatly kept farm houses are the admiration of visitors to that most delightful portion of Wayne county. Apparently forgotten by those who should keep his memory ever green, the illustrious defender sleeps peacefully on through the changing seasons, unmindful of the howling blasts of winter or the noontide song of the bobolink that breaks upon the prevading stillness of his tomb in the balmy days of summer. The unpre tentious slab that stands in the midst of tangled masses of wild shrubbery bears this simple inscription, which would attract no attention from the visitor unacquainted with the history of the man whose crumbling remains repose beneath:

SAMUEL MEREDITH,

DIED

1817,

FEBRUARY THE TENTH,

ON THE 70TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

But the good citizens of Pleasant Mount, the beautiful little hamlet sitnated about a mile from the grave, are ever ready to give information concern ing the career of the patriot who spent the waning years of his life amid the delightful surroundings, and never tire of relating incidents of life at "Belmont Manor" that have been handed down from generation to generation. and today they speak reverently of the man whose kindly deeds were performed long, long ago and whose earthly career was finished almost before the birth of the oldest inhabitant. A half century or more ago Pleasant Mount as a relay station on the Newburg and Owego turnpike, was a locality of considerable importance in that portion of Wayne county. Five coaches daily bowled along the turnpike carrying gotten. express and mail matter. The residents ties, for the period, of holding intercourse with the outside world in their own territory than at present, when about the only reminder of these days flourish within the crumbling founda-of progress and improvement which tion walls and toads and lizzards are have left them far in the rear.

Merely a Shadow of Its Past. The tally-ho coach and prancing steeds are no longer daily visitors to Pleasant Mount, and the bulk of store trade which gave life to the town has

drifted elsewhere. Its availability as a home town or summer resort, however, has been heightened rather than diminished by the absence of nearly everything that would make the village attractive from a business point of view, and visitors



The Neglected Grave.

are invarably attracted by the peaceful surroundings of the village on the hills The remnants of the past generation of Pleasant Mount are of an extremely social turn and their minds are stored with Interesting anecdotes and reminiscences of other days. From the oldest inhabitants who kindly rehearse traditions and furnish data the visitor is able to gather facts concerning the career of the forgotten patriot.

General Meredith's Career. General Samuel Meredith, the first treasurer of the United States, came of an illustrious family and could trace his blood direct to the royalty of Wales. His father, Reese Meredith, came to Philadelphia in 1730. In the year of 1755 he met and formed the acquaintanceship of George Washington and a friendship sprang up between them which lasted through life and was taken up by his son. The elder Meredith was a staunch advocate of American Independence and was a firm friend and advisor of General Washington in the darkest hours of struggle when the torch of liberty seemed in danger of being forever extinguished. He never lost faith in the cause, and gave substantial tokens of his sincerity by a contribution of \$25,000 to be used in clothing and feeding the Revolutionary soldiers at Valley Forge.

General Meredith was born in Philadelphia in 1741, and was educated at Chester. His public services date from 1765 when he attended a meeting of merchants of Philadelphia to protest against the importation of teas and other goods that bore the obnoxious British tax-stamp. He signed the resolutions which were adopted Nov. 7, 1765. On the 19th of May, 1772, he was married to Margaret. daughter of Dr. Thomas Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, chief medical director of the Pennsylvania hospital. He joined "Silk stocking company" in 1775. and was made major. He distinguished himself in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, and in October, 1777, was commissioned general of the Fourth brigade Pennsylvania militia. The troops under General Meredith performed ex-cellent service at Brandywine and Germantown. At the close of the war he was twice elected from Philadelphia county to the Pennsylvania colonial assembly. In the spring of 1780 General Meredith and his partner, George Clymer, each contributed \$25,000 to the gov-

General Meredith, like his father, was President Washington. He served until while wearing them before they be-

September, when he resigned to accept came an absolute necessity to her. You the appointment as treasurer of the will admit that there are no other wo-

upon him by Washington. servative management. General Mere- ner. And you would be surprised to dith's fitness for the trust was recog- know how many women of the stage nized by not only President Washing- dress and act without corsets. ton but others prominent in the estab-

situated on the hillside about a mile one phase of them. west of the village of Pleasant Mount. I may be a crank on the corset ques-

Miss Marlowe, Mrs. Potter, Miss Terlishment of the government by the peo- | rr and hosts of well known American | hills and dales of Wales, where many, actresses and singers have discarded In 1774 General Meredith purchased bones and steels and lacing and use large tracts of land in Eastern Penn- | some one form or another of hygienic ylvania lying in what are now the waists. Many use only the Empire, and ounties of Schuylkill, Pike, Monroe, we are given to wondering how stage Luckawanna, Luzerne, Wyoming, Brad- women all have such splendid and ford and Wayne, owning nearly 59,000 supple figures. Do you suppose Bessle acres in Wayne alone. On his retire- Clayton could sweep the stage with her from office General Meredith curls if she wore corsets? There are a sought seclusion and rest at "Bel- whole lot of brains amongst actresses, mont Manor," a beautiful country home and their discarding of corsets shows



political associates and "Belmont Man- some depth to the woman's improvepitality of his master and mistress. you only look into it to see how they go. General Meredith is described as having been tall and commanding in per- find something more comfortable, son, with a light blue eye and kindly healthful, and quite as serviceable as face upon which was reflected the in- those nerve destroying corsets. From domitable will of the ideal man.

Why Not Build a Monument? The spirit of the master of Belmont Manor passed to the great beyond in 1817 and that of his faithful life companion followed in the year 1829. In compliance to expressed wishes during his lifetime the remains of General Meredith were laid to rest on a little declivity on the foothills of the Moosic range, overlooking the head waters of She'd take in weavin', er work out, er with his solution of the mystery. the Lackawaxen. Not many seasons after the sod was green upon the grave of the loving wife who had shared his joys and sorrows, the descendents of the patriot drifted away; the property passed into strange hands and the lonely graves on the hillside were for-"Belmont Manor," once the distinguished passengers and valuable pride of Pleasant Mount, went to decay and was finally destroyed by fire of of the place then had better opportuni- mysterious origin many years ago. Not | So we collogued together, one't, one wina stick of timber remains today of the one of the nation's most open-hearted the distant whistie of the locomotive is and generous defenders. Rank weeds

> cenes of life and brilliancy that have long since faded. In 1877 the patriotic citizens of Pleasant Mount inaugarated a movement with the view of providing a suitable monument to mark the resting place of the man whose life and purse had been ever at the call of freedom's cause. A ommittee was appointed and the legislature was asked for assistance. But the call was unheeded and the matter was finally dropped. The grave of the friend of Washington, the patriot whose memory should be honored by every rue American citizen with reverence almost equal to that accorded the name of the father of his country, is today neglected and forgotten. The fact that o suitable monument marks the last esting place of General Samuel Meredith is a blot not only upon the state of Pennsylvania but upon the whole

United States as well. Ellingham Tracy Sweet.

BILL JONES ON LONG HAIR.

How the Foot Ball Craze Affects the Texan Member of Our Staff. Editor of the Scranton Tribune

Sir.-in connection with foot ball might it not put some restraint on the orutality of the play, and, possibly, do away with a silly fad to a large extent. if the different schools and colleges embodied among their rules one requiring the students to indulge in a hair-cut about once a month? Or lot some modern Delilah take an ax and go forth on a hairy bunt among those wretched travesties on Samson of old. It would seem as though a padded mp or something of that character, f extraordinary protection to the head s necessary, might improve on the appearance of a creature of the Nineteenth century-something that could e removed when not in use, thus doing away with the present appearance of the average foot ballist among us, who now looks like a relic of the remote age of barbarism dropped into the midst of an advanced civilization? The idea that now seems to prevail among

necting links. In olden times, at the period when our ancestors had begun to think that death was too severe a penalty for ordinary theft, it was customary to punish sheep-stealers by nailing them by their ears to a gate post. This generally resulted in tearing away the ligaments and consequently slitting the ears. In order to disguise this tell-tale evidence of crime, it became customary among certain gentry to wear their hair long enough to cover the ears. It may be that what is considered a fad of the present is simply an hereditary taint that has appeared after many generations, and one for which the unfortunate victims may hold their forefathers responsible. If se, they are Was heap o' kissin' goln' on amongst the truly entitled to sympathy instead of ridicule and censure. Bill Jones.

the long-haired cranks is to let the

hair grow until it gives the appearance

then to part it in the middle, making a

good imitation of one of Darwin's con-

## DON'T WEAR CORSETS.

Venus Didn't; and Venus, You'll Agree. Wasn't Bad Looking.

From the Minneapolis Tribune Did Venus wear a corset? Did her hips buige out like an apple from its And mother grabs him up and says: "It's stem? And while we're talking about them? Does their benefit compensate a firm and trusted friend of Washing-ton, and in August, 1789, was appointed surveyor of the port of Philadelphia by again, they helped to make her fleshy

United States, which had been urged men who dress so carefully, so artistically and sensibly as actresses. Their Treasurer Meredith entered upon duty | work requires absolute freedom of the at a time when the financial standing physical members and support for the of the country was anything but en- back and sometimes shoulders. And couraging. Impoverished by the ex- they get it, too. There is not the least pense of the war the treasury of the bit of false pride or mock modesty about newly formed government was in condi- them, for they study the demands of tion to need the most careful and con- their physiques as a jockey does a run-

Scene at Pleasant Mount. Here, surrounded by the comforts and ! tion; I can't help it if I am, but I loathe luxuries that could be obtained in the them and I wish that the generality of early days of the present century, the women along with their good sense in patriot passed the closing years of a the adoption of the equestriennes and life of activity amid peaceful surround- their discarding of underskirts, would ings, revered and honored by his rustic | go the one necessary step further and neighbors who were recipients of many put off corsets. Your gowns will fit just kindly courtesies at his hands. Gen- as well and you would have freer moeral Meredith, during his retirement, tion, deeper breathing capacity, fresher vas frequently visited by his former faces, brighter minds and beside, give e" was famed among the social lights ment fads. It becomes a matter of of the young government for the hos- health and judgment and happiness, if Look around town and see if you can't

LITTLE JOHNS' CHRISTMAS.

the time you take off your corset for

good your health will begin to be better.

We got up a-purpose, jes' fer little Johnts, you know; \*
His mother was so pore and all, and had

to manage bein' a war-widder, and her pension any thing fer him

And little Johnts was puny-like-but law! the nerve he had! You'd want to kindo' pity him, but couldn't His pants o' army blanket and his coat o'

faded blue Kep' hintin' of his father like, and pity

once beautiful mansion which sheltered Jes' me and mother and the girls, and der an immense canvass, with a great Wilse, fould jine and get up little Johnts, by

time 'at Chrismus come, ne sorto' doin's, don't you know, 'at would su'prise him some living sentinels that guard the fast disappearing remnants that tell of the And so, all on the quiet, mother she turns in and gits

Some blue-janes—cuts and makes a suit; and then sets down and knits A pair o' little gailuses to go 'long with And puts in a red flannel-back, and buckle on the vest .-

The little feller'd be'n so much around our house, you see, be'n such a he'p to her and all, and

Johnts-No. sir! She ust to jes' declare 'at "he was meat-and-drink to her!"

And Piney, Lide and Madeline, they watched their chance and rid o Fountaintown with Liley's folks; and bought a book, they did, fairy tales, with pictur's in; and got a little pair

red-top boots (at John-Jack said he'd

And Lide got him a little sword, and they're so dangersome! And Piney, ever' time the rest would buy

some other toy, She'd take a turn in then and buy more candy fer the boy! Well, thinks-says-I, when they got back,

afternoon, so I-Well, all of us kep' mighty mum, tel we got him away By tellin' him be shore and come to-morry

fetch his mother 'long with him!' And how he send acrost.

The fields—his tow head, in the dusk, leslike a streak o' frost!— His comfert fluttern as he run—and old Tige, don't you know ampin' high fer rabbits and a-plowin'

must a-be'n most ten that night afore we got to bed-With Wilse and John-Jack he'ppin' us; and Freeman in the shed, And Lide out with the lantern while he trimmed a Chrismus-tree Out of a little scrub-oak top 'at suited to

All hight I dreamn' o' hearin' things aof a most feroclous wild animal; and and freckles on his facereindeers, shaped like shavin'-hosses

> By time 'at mother got me up 'twas plum daylight and more-front yard full o' neighbors, all a-crowdin round the door, With Johnts's mother leadin'; yes, and little Johnts hisse'f, up on Freeman's shoulder, like a jug

up on the she'f!

Of course I can't describe it when they all got in to where We'd conjered up the Chrismus-tree and all the fixin's there,-Fer all the shouts o' laughture-clappin' hands, and crackin' jokes,

en-folks:-Fer, lo-behold-ye! there they had that young-un! And his chin A-wobblin'-like;—and, shore enough, at last he started in— And—sich another bellerin', in all my mor-

tal days
I never heard, er 'spect to hear, in woe's app'inted ways!

stem? And while we're talking about more'n he can bear—corsets, do you see any real good in them? Does their benefit compensate su'prisin'! There!" no it ain't"—sobbed fittle Johnts— "I ain't su'prised—but I'm

yin' 'cause I watched you all and knowed it all the time!" -James Whitcomb Riley.

EISTEDDFODIC HUMOR.

There Is Plenty of It in Almost Any Welsh Gathering if You know Where to Look for It-The Recent Allentown Song Festival and Some of Its Amusing Incidents. From the Pittston Gazette.

With a capable conductor in charge,

there is, perhaps, no public gathering so productive of amusing incidents as the eisteddfod. In fact, bright witticisms and brilliant repartee are two of the peculiar features of the Welsh musical festival-not only among the many years ago it found birth, but also in those sections of our own land to which the elsteddfod has been transplanted. Oftentimes do elsteddfodic scenes even reach the dramatic, as at Allentown the other day. It was during the afternoon session. Dr. T. C. Edwards, of Kingston, one of the brightest and best conductors in the country. was in charge. The contest for the soprano solo prize was on. Two had sung. The third was singing. denly a crackling noise was heard at the top of the vast market house, and a circle of plastering fell, filling the air with dust and forcibly reminding some of the people of the sudden drop. The audience of 3,000 people trembled. A glance upward showed a huge hole in the ceiling. Protruding from the aperture was "a hoof, attached to which 1858 was a human leg,"as one witness mumorously put it. The great audience knew not what to expect, and the panie fever was in the atmosphere. Then it was that the coolness and quickness of the conductor came into play. Dr. Edwards was on his feet in an instant, and through the large hall resounded the clear announcement, calculated to restore quietness and save the eisteddfod, that "It is all right; the venti-The absurdity of the situation, with a human leg protruding from a hole in the ceiling, dawned upon the confused 514 Spruce St., throng, and, instead of a panic, there was round after round of applause at the sharpness of Dr. Edward's wit. An investigation revealed that the ubiquitous small boy, with a pardonable love for music, had by some unexplainable means secured entrance to the garret of the hall, with a view to the enjoyment of the eisteddfod through eye holes, of which there were several in the ceiling. Missing his footing on the rafters, he stepped through the lightly constructed ceiling of lath and plastering, with the amusing results above stated. But for the readiness of the conductor, there is no telling what serious effects might have followed the sudden break in the proceedings. Less causes than a human leg seen through a hole in the ceiling have resulted in disastrous panies in public places, and those who attended the Allentown eisteddfod say that the audience were getting into that uneasy state of mind that precedes confu sion when the conductor came forward

An Old-Country Episode. Even more dramatic than this was the scene at the national elsteddfod in THAT'S MY Wales two years ago, of which Dr. Edwards tells. In the little Welsh principality on the other side of the Atlantic the national eisteddfod brings together lovers of the festival from all parts of the continent. Far away America even, is usually represented. At this particular time 15,000 had gathered unenthusiastle throng. All entered into the spirit of the occasion, and every succeeding competition but heightened the enthusiasm. Suddenly, during the progress of the afternoon session, a

furious wind and rain storm came on Before the people were fully aware of what was coming, the storm was upon them. The wind, in a frenzy of fury, tore from its fastenings the heavy tar paulin, stripping it into ribbons, and scattering the fragments throughout the neighborhood, as if to evidence its superior power, while the poles, uplifted from their fastenings, swung madly handy as could be, mother couldn't do too much fer little stricken throng. Briefly, one woman was fatally injured, and many suffered more or less serious injuries. The rain continuing in all its fury, the frightened people huddled together on platform and under remaining canvas, and the wounded having been cared for, the eisteddfod work proceeded. Terror, however, had taken hold of the people, and fallure stared the eisteddfod in the face. Then Conductor Edwards put his wits to work. He secured the attention of the great throng, and putting his well Madeline, a drum; known eloquence and pathos into splen-shootin'-crackers-lawzy-day! and did use, he recited to the throng the story of a victim of the panic who was still in their midst. It was a highly colored recital. The Doctor expended his vocabulary in securing words sufficiently vivid to describe the wretched condition of this abandoned one-naked, lifeless, bleeding, with broken ribs and flowed ere the Doctor had completed his pathetic tale. The result can better be imagined than described when the conductor brought forth from its hiding place under the table drapery the subject of his pathetic address, in the shape of the sorriest-looking umbrella that the eyes of the people had ever beheld. Once a respectable-looking retreat from storm, the umbrella had passed through the panic, retiring from the conflict without a stitch of cover, with ribs broken and bent out of shape and not even the handle intact. Flourishing the remnants of the umbrella before the throng, the Doctor commanded their sympathies in its behalf, and was met by what was probably the most wonderful demonstration of enthusiasm ever met with in eisteddfodic

at the cooper-shop,
A-stickin' down the chimbly, with their BYRON'S EXAMPLE IMITATED.
heels out at the top!

to Be Celebrated with Pomp.

despite the accident of the day.

circles. The dilapidated umbrella, in

the hands of a brilliant conductor, saved the life of a great national els-

The third anniversary of a dog's death will be observed with high honors in Providence. Bells will be tolled, anecdotes of the deceased will be recited and anthems will be sung in praise of his deeds; food, raiment and money will be distributed among the poor whom he loved, and there will be a special service at his grave, over which a lofty column rises.

The dog was Jumbo, a magnificent

specimen of the St. Bernard breed. The

celebrated theosophist, Blavatsky, was positive that Jumbo was existing as a dog through some misfortune, and that he had a previous existence as one of the mightiest of men. The person who is at the head of all the arrangements for the celebration is H. C. L. Dorsey. At the banquet tripe will be the prin cipal dish. Jumbo was inordinately fond of it. Out of respect for him it will be served in a dozen different styles. The guests will be fourteen, the number of years Jumbo lived as a dog. On this occasion Mr. Dorsey will announce the intention to bequeath a sum of money for the foundation of a re-treat for homeless dogs, to be called

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